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CIRCULATION BOOKS
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Tuesday, December 14, 1915.

Better be cussed out than cursed out.

Headline: "Eighty-year-old woman a shoplifter." Must have been a very small shop.

China now a monarchy. This is a distinct compliment to the Republican form of government.

News item: "Orsby defends auto racing; says it helps the manufacturer." Not to mention the undertaker.

The Gridiron club calls W. J. B. General Gundrop. Unhuh. If he's any general at all, he's General Gundrop.

Popularity is no test of a man's honor or ability. Some of the world's greatest political crooks have been enormously popular.

The French, who gave us our well beloved Statue of Liberty, are searching American ships. Evidently the French want to know whether their own gift stands for something.

A package containing hyacinth, brome, spirea and other condiments has been received at the University. The stuff sounds so unnatural that we don't even mention it to close friends.

Count Alexander Pinkovitch has been arrested in New York City, charged with pinching a leather traveling bag. If the pedigree of the bag indicated that the gentleman intended to travel, a great mistake was made.

Tuskegee Institute will today announce the successor to Booker T. Washington. Tuskegee attempts the impossible. It may announce an approximate substitute, but not a successor. Washington stood in a class by himself.

If Santa Claus would only let one of our wee fingers get smashed off by a reckless streetcar, and would prove to a kind jury that the missing member was worth no less than \$150,000.00, we'd care for no finer Christmas present.

Lord Roseberry, speaking of Paul's pilgrimage: "I am convinced that this expedition will fail, but that the eighty passengers may enjoy themselves and do no mischief if my earnest hope." Mischief? Is spending a lot of good money and engaging in innocent conversation mischief?

If that anonymous nation really wants to buy 1,000,000 bales of cotton at 20 cents a pound, we believe that unification should be considered in arranging the deal. However, it sounds like Germany, and there are some 3000 miles of British ocean between here and where that cotton wants to land.

OTHER VIEWS

Visitors in Science. While the world's attention is centered on the science of war, the sciences which serve man in peace alone or equally in peace and in war continue to record their modest but more valuable triumphs. While decorations are being distributed among those who have distinguished themselves in the work of destruction, the Nobel prize is awarded to men whose brave deeds are done in seeking out Nature's secrets.

Professor Theodore William Richardson of Harvard has been awarded the prize for chemistry, thus matching from the Germans some of the laureates for achievements in that science which has been considered their greatest field. He

discovered the atomic weights of elements, enabling chemists to determine the weight of the constituents in a mass of ore. This knowledge can be very usefully applied in commerce. He also learned to compress six atoms of elements, a feat hitherto deemed impossible.

To Professor Max von Laue was awarded the prize for physics, for having determined precisely what X-rays are. He has proved that they are the same as ordinary light, but are only one-thousandth part as long as an ordinary light ray. He also determined the composition of crystals, and his discovery was followed up by Prof. W. M. Bragg and his son, W. L. Bragg, who was killed in battle in the Dardanelles, and thus the world was robbed of a scientist whose services might have proved worth much to the world as an engineer.

The activity of these several men of different and even of antagonistic nationality in the same fields of research illustrates the neutrality of science. Men of warring races unconsciously work together for the common end of increasing the sum of human knowledge. Upon the application of that knowledge depends the question whether it increases the sum of human happiness or of human misery. —Portland Oregonian.

Facts to Think About.

Don't envy the man who is more prosperous than you are. We all to some extent must live off of each other or else we would lead a hermit life.

The man in business must make profit from his customers or he must fail. The employer must get some profit from the work of his employees or he must hang out the red flag. The workman must make a living, or he must die.

No one can get something for nothing. Labor has its price and deserves reward. So does capital. The partnership between the two is most profitable when it is most balanced.

It takes two to make a quarrel. Difficulties between employer and employee are sometimes can always be adjusted. Fair-minded arbitration can always be found, but there must always be a spirit of square dealing, fair play and good fellowship.

A strike of a workman without warning to his employer is as bad as a workman's discharge without warning to him. The employee should not do the same, nor the employer the same. The wisdom and justice of this policy are undisputed.

Every strike increases the cost of living. Every act of violence during a strike adds to the cost of living, for it means the expense of courts, trials and prisons. Idleness means poverty and poverty and crime mean expense to the taxpayers and rent payers.

The masses of the workmen, like the masses of employers, realize their dependence on each other. They want to do right and for the most part are doing right.

There would be few differences between them but for the selfish intruder who makes a living out of the disturbances he creates, who suffers nothing by the harm he inflicts and who would go out of business if arbitration had full sway.

These simple facts are worth thinking about in this holiday season of good wishes and happy thoughts.—John A. Stecher in Leslie's.

PARAGRAPHS

"Mr. James never opened his mouth while his wife was endeavoring to create the other night," "oh, yes, he did several times." "I didn't hear him. What did he say?" "Nothing," he said.—Baltimore American.

On the Caucasus front, where Grand Duke Nicholas is fighting, the snow is so deep and the Duke is a little less than 7 feet tall.—Chicago News.

Tommy (after a thumping)—"You're awfully hard on me, ma." Mother—"That's because you've been naughty and wicked." Tommy—"Well, yes. You should remember that you didn't die young yourself."—Boston Transcript.

"You used to have a houseful of company." "Um." "How is it that the young men in your home come to see your daughter?" "It's her own fault. I told her not to hang that cooking school diploma in the parlor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A solemn thought comes to my mind. I put it up to you—Suppose your eye teeth all went blind; How could you see to chew?"—New York Evening Sun.

"Talk is cheap," he answered. "Yes, that's the reason I'm wasting words on you," she retorted.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Frontenac—"Will I have time to go out and get a drink, usher?" Usher (referring to curtain)—"It won't stay down a minute, sir." Frontenac (sharply)—"That's my business."—Galveston News.

We still feel that a fortune awaits the inventor of a rural automobile with a seat as narrow as that of the side-fashioned buggy.—Washington Post.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$100 easy chair for your den?" "I was touched before she gave it."—Boston Transcript.

Sight Slip.

In an address at a concert for wounded soldiers, the chief speaker of the evening said:

"I am indeed glad to see so many of you present this evening."—Pittsburgh Evening News.

Money Talks!

Times are a trifle hard in the cotton belt just now, and money is a little scarce. Evidently Uncle Sam thinks so, for he came up to his supply point the other day and said:

"Marse John, times is tougher than I ever seen 'em before. Do you know, Marse John, I can't get no money at all? No sir, I can't get nothing! I can't even get hold of a nickel! Do you know, Marse John, hit actually looks like I'll have to go to preachin' in order to make a livin'. I done it once, and ain't no good to do it again!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Read Caller Classified Ads—it Pays to Read The Caller.



CATCHING A COLD

Anybody can catch a cold, even I, so fat and old that I catch it with all my power, in a mile or miles an hour. I can catch a cold with ease; just sit down and hear me snore. It's a while, and hear me cough my old bronchitis whistlers off, take a chair upon the floor, rest yourself and hear me whine. I am always on my guard, in the house or in the yard, trying to prevent a cold from sneaking around behind. I am mortified to the skin to protect the works within. I avoid the slightest draft, for that means the disease graft. The thermometer I swear in the over-estimate plan. Some one leaves a door open for a minute—then you are liable enough another cold, and my bronchitis is up! Some one raised a window sash, and the whistlers fresh and brash, and the infection of the gills have four o'clock on the hip! Rest yourself and hear me bark like a hound in the parlor. Hear me bawl like a baby when I sneeze, mark me struggle when I shiver!

Texas Press

Not Yet.

The German imperial chancellor has spoken. Germany doesn't propose to take the initiative in proposing terms of peace. Germany doesn't care to continue the war and is ready at any time to consider peace proposals from the neighbors with which she is at war.

But Germany doesn't propose to surrender to the force which she assumes

have been defeated by her.

It would be folly for Germany to propose peace terms, the chancellor quoth in view of the allies' unswerving hatred of Germany, and the latter that Germany is approaching a collapse. And so it would. These reasons of Germany's alleged might are attributed to the desire of the allies to encourage themselves in face of so many defeats, and perhaps the emperor knows better than we do whether this is true.

There is no doubt, however, that the central powers have suffered most of the success in the great European conflict, and while it is generally believed that the allies will triumph eventually, there is no present indication of such soon or except. And until the central powers show signs of weakness it would naturally seem the part of folly for them to initiate negotiations for terms of peace. At any rate, the German imperial chancellor has set at rest all rumors to the effect that his many proposed doings are such things as it is talking about. The future, of course, will tell the tale and it is going to be a mighty sad one for some of the European belligerent nations. Ed. Paris Morning Times.

Dustoff Famine.

Herman A. Metz, one of the leading citizens of Greater New York and a prominent manufacturer and importer declares that more than one thousand textile mills in this country with more than a hundred thousand American workmen, are either out of commission or else in part time in consequence of the stoppage of dye shipments from Germany. American manufacturers need three times a month for normal requirements. These last came from Germany on April 1, 1915. The amount was three thousand tons.

Now American textile manufacturers are endeavoring for the removal of the British embargoes.

Should this take place, Mr. Metz says, there is not one ship in a continental port with any dustoff aboard bound for the United States. Therefore from any point of view there can be no immediate relief.

Supplies of dustoffs from China, Mexico, South America and Canada were exhausted long ago. Dustoff plants have not started in the United States for the reason that large capital is required and expensive machinery is needed. In the case of the dustoff plant it is found the parents are often satisfied, so that the family physician may take charge of the case.

Stomach, well-balanced teeth, insure perfect health. Bad teeth frequently produce bad health.—Austin Statesman.

FOR RHEUMATISM

As good as an attack of rheumatism begins apply M. Lichtenstein Dust-off. Waste time and suffer unnecessary suffering. A few drops of M. Lichtenstein on the affected parts is all you need. The pain goes at once.

A grateful sufferer writes: "I am suffering for three weeks with chronic rheumatism and stiff neck, although I tried many medicines, they failed, and I was under the care of a doctor. Fortunately I heard of Simon's Lichtenstein and after using it three or four days up and well, I am employed at the biggest department store in St. Louis where the patients are numerous. I am now in full strength again."—Mrs. G. H. Miller, 1000 S. Main, St. Louis.

Mother, I wish you'd wash Tommy's face.

Now Tommy was the son of the man whose apartment adjoined theirs. So mother was alarmed and astonished.

"The boy is a neighbor's child! I have nothing to do with him."

"But I have," exclaimed Mabel. "We've become engaged, and I want to kiss him."—Youth's Companion.

A Large Dose.

Gawdin! My boy is like the deep blue sea.

Clarissa, the maid was free named.

And I take it with the corresponding amount of salt.—University of Michigan Gorgojo.

Just as real, when it burns, lies behind a certain amount of incommodious material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink takes day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material which if not completely eliminated from the system each day becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infect the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and poisons are formed and the body is poisoned.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowel the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headaches, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, hiccoughs, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, game stomach after meals are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember, inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb poisons into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanse, sweetens and refreshes the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Advertisement.

Amusements

WEEKLY — POPULAR Young Star to Spend Three Weeks Doing the Fair

"Everything comes to him or her, as the case may be, who waits," was the cheerful declaration of "Billie" West, popular young Matinee star, who has secured a tremendous success in her portrayal of the old character's granddaughter in "The Wolf-Man," a four-part Masterpiece produced at the famous studio.

Miss West's debut followed immediately by Director Paul Draper, in charge of the remaining of "The Wolf-Man," that she was to be granted a month's vacation post of which she planned to spend "doing" the matinees at the Fox Studio. Her next engagement is to appear in "The Wolf-Man" at the Fox Studio.

According to Miss West, the

success of the film is due to the

success of the story.

Miss West's first appearance

in "The Wolf-Man" was

as a girl who came to the

studio to be

seen by the

audience.

Her first play, "A Texas Story," is to

open the Fox Studio.

Editorial.

I wish to commence to the

public the

new

year.

With

the

beginning

of

the

new

year,

we

will

open

the

new

year